

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, March 10.

Lesson 9. Chron. xxi. 1-11.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

HEZEKIAH'S GOOD REIGN.

Hezekiah came to the throne of Judah at the age of twenty-five, and reigned twenty-nine years. As this pious sovereign is introduced, it will be well to connect with this character another, whose grandeur stands out in more than royal outlines, making this period of Jewish history doubly notable. Isaiah was a man kindred, in ruggedness of personal habits of life, with Elijah and John the Baptist. His figure, as it casts its sublime shadow forward into all succeeding ages of pure religion, seems colossal. Under Hezekiah's reign especially this prophet's authority was very important. The king's life was prolonged, through the intercession of the seer; and after the fulfillment of the prophet's predictions, by the Babylonian exile, the victories of Cyrus, and the deliverance of the covenant people, his power became still greater. Cyrus was induced to set the Jews at liberty by the prophecies of Isaiah concerning himself. Ewald says of Isaiah: In him we see prophetic authority reaching its culminating point. Everything conspired to raise him to an elevation to which no prophet, either before or after, could as writer attain. In Isaiah all kinds of talent and all faculties of prophetic discourse meet together. In the sentiments which he expresses, in the topics of his discourses, in the manner of expression, Isaiah uniformly reveals himself as the kingly prophet. Such a man was he who stood behind the throne of Hezekiah.

EXPOSITORY.

Hezekiah did that which was right when he came to exercise the power of a sovereign. He acted with promptitude. The kingdom, under his father's rule, had become wasted and corrupt. The Temple had been desecrated and stripped of its treasure. There was the sore need of a reforming king. He not only cast down the "high places," which had been tolerated by some of the well-meaning kings who had preceded him; but he also did a still more decisive act in destroying the "brazen serpent," said to have been the one used by Moses in the miraculous healing of the Israelites, and which had been for some undefined period an object of worship among the people of Judah. All that we know of the reign of Abaz makes it probable that it was under his auspices that it received a new development; that it thus became the object of marked aversion to the image-breaking party who were prominent among the counselors of Hezekiah. The immediate steps which the king took towards reform, gave evidence that he was in earnest. He intended to begin his reign well, by ruling according to conscience and true religion. During the first month of the calendar year, and the first year of his reign, he turned his attention to the dilapidated parts of the temple to have them restored. The gates of Solomon's temple were very massive and costly, being overlaid with gold and carvings. Those of the Holy Place were of olive wood, two-leaved, and overlaid with gold. The doors of the temple had been closed by Abaz. He had shut out of his government the true worship. Hezekiah resolved to swing back those doors again and lead the people through them to their true faith and altar. He recalled the priests and the Levites, whose business it was to maintain the offices of the temple service. In the last street, on the eastern open space before the temple, the king summoned the two classes, to whom he wished to commit the cause of reform. *Sanctify yourselves*, was his first charge; set yourselves apart by a holy dedication to the Lord. When a man is thoroughly consecrated to God's service, then all that belongs to him, in the way of possessions or of business, is likewise consecrated. They were also commanded to remove all the polluting signs of idolatry from the temple. Then the king makes a confession of the sins which had brought ruin to the nation. His own father had been a corrupt ruler, and his father's fathers. Hezekiah repudiates the idolatrous conduct of his ancestors; for he intends to return to the better morality and religion of David's period. The crying sin of Judah had been that the rulers and the people had neglected Jehovah, turned their faces from Him, and despised His sanctuary. They had utterly forsaken the forms of the temple worship, because they had lost the spirit and vitality of their religion. Abaz had erected altars to Baal in all the streets of Jerusalem and in the chief cities of Judah; he wanted his altars served, and therefore turned the key in the doors of the porch of the temple. The lamps were put out; the dark shadow of idolatry fell upon the innermost parts of the house of God. No fragrant incense rose from its altar; no offerings were burned in the "holy place." Heathenism had taken possession of the national life, and true religion had been ruled out.

Hezekiah had moral discernment to see that God's displeasure must be incurred against a people who had so trampled upon His law. As he came to the throne he felt the overhanging wrath of Jehovah. A thick cloud rested upon the nation, and it could only be drained of its threatening by the penitence and good works of the people. For all this recent conduct there had been commotion, astonishment and hissing. The shameful defeats that the nation had suffered under Abaz from

the Syrians, Ephraimites, Philistines and Edomites, and the oppression by the Syrian king, were the judgments which fell like thunderbolts upon Judah. A multitude had been lost in battle. Women had been carried away into captivity.

Hezekiah saw the necessity of uniting the nation in a solemn covenant with the Lord, that all the people might be restored once again to the right religion. Only by faithfulness on the part of those who were the nation's officers—king, priests and Levites—could God's blessing be expected. A covenant requires two parties. Judah could not be blessed unless God was on her side. God would not be on her side unless her faith and loyalty were surrendered to Him. God had not changed, although the people had backslidden. He was waiting to be merciful and forgiving. His *fiery wrath* is not unreasonable or unappeasable. It is the "wrath of the Lamb," the wrath of an infinitely tender heart, of which the Bible tells. That heart always yields to the cries and tears of the penitent. So Hezekiah entreats the priests to show great faithfulness in the performance of their offices. The best repentance is that which shows itself in "works meet" for a new and better life. Sorrow is good; self-condemnation in view of sinfulness is good; but a penitence that ends in mere tears and ashes is a poor offering to God. He wants the life, the activities, the full pulse of an earnest, self-forgetful service; if a covenant that involves the whole life follows penitence, God blesses richly.

PRACTICAL.

1. God raises up men, in His own good time, even in the midst of degeneracy, who stand like living bulwarks against corruption. Bad fathers sometimes are followed by good sons; and frequently good men are sorely troubled by recalcitrant sons.

2. If the ministry are faithful in their work, the people will not so easily become lax. Good teachers generally make good scholars.

3. A covenant serves as a cord to bind men to their truest liberty. A covenant with God can never be a tyrannical bond.

LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

HEZEKIAH'S GOOD REIGN.

Last week we learned about Abaz—"the working king of Judah." This week we are to study about his son, who was the best king Judah ever had. What made him so good? We will see.

He was a young man twenty-five years old when he came to the throne; but his heart was right in the sight of God. Perhaps his mother, or his grandfather, the good priest Zechariah, had taught him to fear and love the Lord.

He had not reigned a month when he repaired the doors of the Temple, and threw them open that the priests might go in and out, and the people worship there. He called the priests together in a street near by, and spoke to them of the great troubles that God had sent upon Jerusalem, because the people had shut up the Temple and worshiped false gods.

"My sons," he said to them, "God hath chosen you to serve Him and stand before His altars. Now, make yourselves clean and holy, and then carry away from the temple everything that is unclean and unholy."

The priests began the work in good earnest, and in two weeks had broken up all the idols and thrown them into the brook Kedron, had cleaned the altars and tables, and made nice new vessels to take the places of those King Abaz had broken in pieces.

Then the king burnt incense and offered sacrifices on the altars, the people brought thank-offerings, and the Levites sang joyful hymns of praise. And the king and all the people were glad, because they could once more call the Lord their God.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And in every work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart and prospered.

—2 Chron. xxxi, 21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Who was the worst king of Judah?
2. Who was the best?
3. How old was he when he came to the throne?
4. Who do you think taught him about God?
5. What was the first act of his reign?
6. Whom did he call together?
7. What did he say to them?
8. What did he urge them to do?
9. How did they begin the work?
10. How long were they in doing it?
11. When it was finished, what did the king do?
12. What did the people do?
13. What did the Levites do?
14. How did they feel, and why?
15. What does the Bible teach us about being glad?

Ans. It says, "Rejoice in the Lord always."—Phil. iv, 4.

WEEK-DAY THOUGHT.

Christ in our hearts will make us glad.

WHAT MADE A LITTLE GIRL GLAD.

A Prussian nobleman, who did not believe in God nor in the Bible, once overheard a little girl singing. It was a sweet strain, and a child's voice is always irresistible. As he drew near, he saw tears upon her cheeks as if she had been weeping.

"Why are you crying as you sing?" he kindly asked her.

"Oh! I am so happy," said the little girl.

"But why do you weep if you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus so well that I was crying for joy," the little girl said.

"But where is Jesus?" asked the nobleman.

"In heaven."

"How can He do anything for you if He is in heaven? He cannot give you clothes and playthings as your parents and friends do."

"Oh, yes! He can do something for me. He comes to my heart, and makes me happy."

"Nonsense!" said the nobleman; "that is nonsense!"

"Oh, no! It is not nonsense!" answered the little evangelist. "I know it is the truth, and it makes me glad."

The nobleman turned away; but an angel had touched his heart. He sought the little girl's Saviour, and found peace and joy.

THIRTY DAYS IN JAPAN.

BY REV. K. A. BURNELL.

The Pacific mail steamer, City of Peking, took Bishop and Mrs. Wiley, Rev. and Mrs. Lowrie, Rev. Mr. Renbourn, and the M. E. Board, five of the A. B. C. F. M., and two of the Presbyterian Board, from San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1877. After twenty-one days of cloudy weather, we steamed up the charming bay and dropped anchor two miles out from Yokohama, Oct. 3. The half-naked natives, in their sampans, dotted the water, and a strong-limbed father, with his young son, wiggled us through the water with their fish-tail oars. It was joy to set foot on Asiatic soil—the dream of boyhood, and the fixed purpose for a quarter century of manhood. Everything is a study. Women's hats, as well as trailing dresses, are unknown. Their hair is always nicely dressed; not a frowzy head have I seen in the empire. The hair dressing is well done once a week. They sleep on a small wooden pillow with a little cushion on its top, upon which the neck below the ear rests, the hair being undisturbed. The woman's dress is simple, with no pleats, the only ornamentation a girdle about the waist, which frequently is laid in folds of bright colors. Most men are bareheaded, with a strip two inches wide, from the centre of the forehead a little back of the crown, shaved; the other hair being queued up, and brought over on to the shaven place. This custom was universal, but is not rigidly adhered to of late years.

Yokohama is the American or foreign city—American, in the sense of nearness to us, and foreign, because all nations almost are represented in their consulates, legations, and ships of war in the beautiful harbor. Rear Admiral Patterson and staff were of our ship's company, coming to take command of our naval squadron in these waters. Our anchor had not been dropped thirty minutes before officials high in authority and bespangled with gold lace, came on board to welcome the American commander. So also came on board arrived missionaries. A salute, long and booming, echoed and reechoed along the shore and above the bluff the next morning, in honor of the Admiral's arrival, and I doubt not, in honor of our nation and its flag.

We spent two days in Tokio, which has a million and a quarter population, the present capital and home of the Mikado, a young man who has made no name or place for himself, and has little hold upon the people. The sacredness with which former rulers were surrounded, is passing away. The Imperial College is well officered by Americans and English. Except the students being natives, with their wooden and straw shoes, one might almost think himself at Ann Arbor, Williams, Chicago, or Lawrence Universities. The buildings of the School of Engineers is very like the Boston and Worcester schools of Technology; and walking through their long halls and well-furnished museum, I was constantly reminded of a late visit to those institutions.

Seven cents Friday, three cents Saturday, passed us through turn-stalls (copied after our Centennial) into the empire's Exposition. The three cents mean the natives, and what a crowd we studied—people rather than machinery! Indeed, so much were we observed as foreigners, in close examination of exhibited articles, that the crowd made the air almost stifling. Their looking was in no offensive way, but because our dress and manners were so utterly unlike theirs; and when we bowed, they most politely and lowly returned our recognition.

The silk weaving machinery, though rude, performs exceedingly fine work. Silk dresses, marked \$25 and \$35, looked to our unaccustomed eyes as nice as those we saw at the Centennial marked ten times as much. Their ploughing is done with a shovel and hoe, using man power instead of machinery and animals. There was no exhibit of agricultural machinery.

Seventeen years in house-building always turns us with interest to the woods (timber, we say in the West), and Japan makes a good showing. The exhibit was surprising in fineness of texture and really compact grain. They lack our wood of all woods—the pine—but have what takes its place very well. We little know at home the debt we owe to Him who forms and fashions the pine, and what it does in our civilization. Here they do not know what they miss in not having it.

A typhoon between Yokohama and Kobe placed us in very great peril. The captain said he had never seen

equal in his eleven years' experience in these waters. A side-wheel steamer is a poor thing at sea.

At Kioto, the old capital and home of the Mikado for more than ten centuries, we passed ten days of blessed service in the training school, standing before an advanced class of two dozen young men from 8 to 3 A. M., and from 3 to 4 P. M., with an open Bible. They hunger for the Word, and have great promise in preaching Christ to Japan's eighty-five millions. One of their four faithful instructors is a student of Beloit College.

Kioto, with its population of half a million, is in a charming valley overlooked by mountains. Twelve hundred villages (the people form villages for protection), marked on the map, are distinctly visible from the top of the one we ascended, on one side of the Rowa, upon the mirrored surface of which several small steamers run to the various landings, and native boats almost innumerable dot the surface. Col. (Rev.) Davis, by my side, pointed to the other side of the lake, said: "Not less than 500 villages are unmarked on the map;" and with his Christian enthusiasm, he added, "Would that a thousand, yea, ten thousand, young Christians in America could stand here and see the home of these millions! Would they not come to tell of Christ and heaven?"

At Osaka, the commercial capital, containing half a million, some say 650,000 people, we remained two days. The missionaries and school-teachers are full of hope. One of the American lady missionaries was sitting on mats with six of the native women, and every one of them led in prayer. The teacher was joyfully surprised, fearing that the presence of a man—a foreigner and a stranger—would deter them. It was a most suggestive sight.

TEMPERANCE.

MAINE STATE TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.

It is thought by very many of the most active friends of temperance, that the cause could be greatly advanced in this State by a more judicious concentration of purpose and effort on the part of the various temperance organizations, the Church and the public generally, by association in some State organization, similar in plan and scope to that of the Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance, which for upward of twenty-five years, and embraces, in active membership, members of all the various temperance organizations, with the clergy and Churches of almost every denomination; receiving and disbursing from fourteen to eighteen thousand dollars every year; authenticating and sending out lecturers into every portion of the State; arranging for public meetings and supplying speakers, and closely watching the temperance pulse, and providing means and measures to keep it in a healthy and vigorous state, carefully scrutinizing all legislation, and ready at all times to sound the alarm when encroachments from the enemy are attempted. With a view to organizing a similar alliance in Maine, and auxiliary to the National Temperance Alliance, the undersigned invite the friends of temperance to meet at Congress Hall, Portland, on Wednesday, February 27th, 1878, at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M., to take such action as may then seem judicious. In the evening, a temperance meeting will be held in the city hall, which will be addressed by some of the leading temperance men in the State. It is sincerely hoped that every Church and every temperance organization in Maine, will send one or more delegates.

Benj. Kingsbury, Portland; Sidney Perham, Paris; Nelson Dingley, Jr., Lewiston; Lot M. Morrill, Portland; W. W. Thomas, Portland; Anson P. Morrill, Readfield; Neal Dow, Portland; H. M. Harlow, M. D., Augusta; N. B. Nutt, Eastport; H. A. Shorey, Bridgton; F. A. Smith, Portland; Rev. W. F. Eaton, Cape Elizabeth; J. B. Filibeau, Portland; Rev. D. B. Randall, Berwick; T. R. Simonton, Camden, and many others.

Four ex-governors and three ex-mayors of Portland sign the above.

Ex-Mayor Kingsbury, of Portland, writes in reference to the call: "Our object is to concentrate the public temperance sentiment into one strong, compact, aggressive force. In this holy war, we mean there shall be no pause, hesitancy, or backward step. Our legislature have emphatically demonstrated this, in the emphasis with which they stamped the life out of the druggist bill. Maine needs the column, and means to keep her position. It is true, in spite of all denials, that to-day not an open bar can be found in a single city, town or plantation in Maine. The traffic is driven to the holes and corners, the pockets, and the bed-chambers of the slums, and we are fast smoking these out of their hiding-places, hoping soon to sing, 'Hallelujah, 'tis done!'"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It is estimated that about 3,000 have signed the pledge at the Murphy meetings. I think about 2,000 of these are temperance men and women properly pledged. Of the remaining thousand, about 500 are drinking men, and perhaps as many persons not members of any Church. Until the speaker commences, the laudation of Murphy and the presentation of flowers become the order of the day. The meetings bid fair to drift into a general and widespread revival of religion. There is a general disposition to co-operate with all movements designed to suppress the use of intoxicants. Prohibitory law is what is needed here as elsewhere for the suppression of this infamous business, as in the case of all other forms of crime.

CHARLES KING.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Feb. 28, 1878.

FLOUR—Superior, \$4.70; extra, \$4.75; 2nd, \$4.60; 3rd, \$4.50; 4th, \$4.40; 5th, \$4.30; 6th, \$4.20; 7th, \$4.10; 8th, \$4.00; 9th, \$3.90; 10th, \$3.80; 11th, \$3.70; 12th, \$3.60; 13th, \$3.50; 14th, \$3.40; 15th, \$3.30; 16th, \$3.20; 17th, \$3.10; 18th, \$3.00; 19th, \$2.90; 20th, \$2.80; 21st, \$2.70; 22nd, \$2.60; 23rd, \$2.50; 24th, \$2.40; 25th, \$2.30; 26th, \$2.20; 27th, \$2.10; 28th, \$2.00; 29th, \$1.90; 30th, \$1.80; 31st, \$1.70; 32nd, \$1.60; 33rd, \$1.50; 34th, \$1.40; 35th, \$1.30; 36th, \$1.20; 37th, \$1.10; 38th, \$1.00; 39th, \$0.90; 40th, \$0.80; 41st, \$0.70; 42nd, \$0.60; 43rd, \$0.50; 44th, \$0.40; 45th, \$0.30; 46th, \$0.20; 47th, \$0.10; 48th, \$0.00; 49th, \$0.00; 50th, \$0.00; 51st, \$0.00; 52nd, \$0.00; 53rd, \$0.00; 54th, \$0.00; 55th, \$0.00; 56th, \$0.00; 57th, \$0.00; 58th, \$0.00; 59th, \$0.00; 60th, \$0.00; 61st, \$0.00; 62nd, \$0.00; 63rd, \$0.00; 64th, \$0.00; 65th, \$0.00; 66th, \$0.00; 67th, \$0.00; 68th, \$0.00; 69th, \$0.00; 70th, \$0.00; 71st, \$0.00; 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The *Sunday School* is a remarkable number, the official magistrates, to Gov. Cochran of Delaware; and from original thir. een; and from and clergymen. It is a celebration of the day a man.

The Family.

A HYMN OF DEATH.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

What art thou, Death,
That I should be afraid?
Think'st thou that thou canst touch the
wing of faith?

By my glad spirit spread
I feel no dread of thee,
Though thou hast come so nigh;
Thou bringest larger life and liberty—
Thou sweetest of all!

Were I alone
To meet thee, thou grim foe
Of all the mortal, soon my strength were
gone,
And sure my overthrow,
Did not the mighty hand
Of my redeeming Lord,
Which doth the hosts of earth and hell with-
stand,
Its help afford.

A strength not mine
In me shall triumph now;
Beneath my weakness rests the arm Divine,
His seal is on my brow;
Yea, I am glad to go
And with my God to be!
Break this dull chain that holds my spirit,
So
It may be free.

Father, I yield
The life that Thou hast given,
That Thy last promise may be quite fulfilled.
Now let me rise to heaven;
Bid Death the wanderer bring
To that immortal shore
Where he shall gaze on Him who is the
King
Forevermore.

What songs are these
Of chanting seraphim?
My Father, open Thou my failing eyes!
Stretch out Thy hands for me,
That I, with a firm faith,
May enter the deep vale of mystery,
Led on by Death.

WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY REV. D. F. TEEFT, D. D.

SEVENTH PART.

The name next in order in these des-
ultory sketches—that of William C.
Larrabee, LL. D.—is a name known
to the world, and in every way a name
to be honored and remembered. His
fame centres, however, in this neigh-
borhood. He here began his public
life. Here he married; and this was
the spot of this green earth that ever
afterwards haunted his imagination and
hallowed all his memories.

With all his practical talent—with his
great natural abilities and thorough
education—Dr. Larrabee was pre-
eminently a child of fancy. In the
midst of his coldest intellectual work,
even in the severest labors of his life,
he was ever picturing to himself
the scenes of his earlier years; and this
very Worthley Brook, now flowing at
our feet, and the sweet fields through
which it winds along its devious ways
toward the river and the sea, were to
his imagination the beginning and the
end of all perfection.

Just across this silent streamlet, on
the level ground beyond, and within
the shadow of those lofty pines, still
standing where he saw them grow, did
he often dream of coming back from
his distant life-work to build and dwell.
Over there he was to spend the closing
period of a useful life. There, when
past hard work, he was to sit down and
dream. There he was to read, and
think, and write; his daily ramblings
were to lead him out upon the pine-
covered plains beyond; still further on
the little lakes of the neighborhood
were to furnish him with the means of
rendering yet richer his quiet, peace-
ful, poetic life; and here, by the bank
of this ever-flowing Worthley, when
his days should be numbered and his
work done, he was to find in his final
resting-place the end of mortality and
the sweet morning sunlight of eternal
blessedness!

But his grave is not to be found there.
No beautiful home, such as his fancy
pictured for him, stands there within
the shadow of those pines. The green
and level field of his early years is a
level and green field still. His ashes
are mingled with the richer mold of
one of our western States. The pitcher
was long since broken at the fountain.
The hallowed anticipations of his early
days are all blasted. We will tell the
reader how it was, and relate what has
never yet been published. The story
of that useful career is not all sadness.
It was a chequered career; and the
lesson it leaves to us is one of vast en-
couragement to all men having to de-
pend upon themselves.

Dr. Larrabee was born on Cape
Elizabeth, near Portland, within sight
of the boundless and billowy sea. His
mother was a very poor and unfortu-
nate woman. His father he never knew.
Born thus in obscurity and poverty,
his childhood witnessed a perpetual
struggle for the means of getting bread.
While too young to labor, and too re-
mote from school to enjoy any edu-
cational advantages, his days were spent
in idleness, if so active a mind as his
could ever suffer him to be a moment
idle. His earliest recollections carried
him to the sea-side, where he would
sit for hours watching the tide, and
perhaps even at that early time wonder-
ing where the waves came from, and
what were the tales from afar they had
it in their power to tell. In spite of
his disadvantages, he in after life could
not remember when he learned to read;
and we are certain, from what we know
of his intellectual character in maturer
years, that, if his mother had a single
printed book in her possession, his
fourth or fifth year would not find him
destitute of the power to make himself
master of its contents, so far as a child
could comprehend them.

So soon as the gifted child had reached
the age of possible service in the most
menial capacity, he was put out to a
farmer, to work upon the farm, and to
earn thus his clothes and board. The
place of this boyhood residence was the
town of Durham, not far from the
spot since made famous as the birth-
place of Annie Louise Carey, the cele-
brated prima donna; and he here first
fell upon the sweet privilege of enjoy-
ing a few weeks a year of winter school-
ing. His master, indeed, was a kind
and considerate man. He early saw
the bent of the boy's mind towards in-
tellectual things; and the boy himself,
after devoting the whole of each day
to the severe labors of the field, was
allowed to spend what time he would
in study and the reading of useful
books at night. Sometimes the lad
would thus forget himself and read till
morning. He was soon known as the
brightest scholar and most promising
boy of that good neighborhood; and
thoughtful people used then to cast his
horoscope and predict for him a very
brilliant future.

Some sudden change in the farmer's
affairs, or family, when young Lar-
rabee was coming to his fifteenth or
sixteenth year, caused him again to be
thrown upon the world to work his
own way along as he had done from
the days of his childhood. In some way,
being either invited or recommended,
we do not remember which, he next
proceeded to the town of Strong, on the
Sandy River, where he made his home
with the father of Dr. Eliphalet
Clark of Portland.

In this excellent and intellectual
family, the young man found himself
at once possessed of the means of un-
limited domestic culture. It was a
family of books, of reading, of religion.
The whole household were devoted to
the acquisition of knowledge, to the
practice of Christianity, and to the
performance of all social duties in the
gospel spirit of universal brotherhood.
The days were given to labor; the even-
ings to reading and useful conversation;
the whole of life to the highest ends of
intellectual and moral culture. Here
was found the right atmosphere for a
youth of aspiring genius. The years
spent here were years of hard work,
hard study, and wonderful progress in
the labor of self-cultivation. Here,
too, the young man was taught the ele-
ments of Christianity; and here he
made his profession of religion. So
powerful, indeed, was the impression
here made upon his mind and heart—
so radical as here experienced were
the revolution and progress of his life
—that he resolved to stamp upon him-
self, in some way, a constant reminder
of the family by whose influence the
great work had been accomplished.
Thus it was that the young man, till
now known only as William, showed
his gratitude by adding the name of his
benefactors to his own; and from this
time William Clark Larrabee was the
name of the struggling youth, who re-
solved not to disgrace these benefactors
by it.

Somewhat, while residing with this
good family, he found the means of
paying his board and tuition for a short
time at the Methodist Academy at New-
market, in New Hampshire; and here
we next find him working with the
energy so natural to him in the pursuit
of a classical education. While at this
school, he used to study about fourteen
hours out of every twenty-four, leaving
only ten hours for eating, for recreation,
and for sleep. He did everything with
a sort of rush. He always ate as if
each meal was to be his last. He would
exercise, even in the gentlest pastimes,
with all his might; and when it came
bedtime, he would throw off his clothes
and tumble into bed as if he were parch-
ing into the beginning of the hardest
kind of job. We never could divine
how he managed to live still long enough
to get to sleep.

From Newmarket he returned to the
Clark family at Strong; and here,
without personal application, he was
furnished with a license to preach. He
had not intended to be a preacher;
and we have often heard him say that
the acceptance of this license, how-
ever reluctantly, was his first great
mistake in life. But he yielded to the
advice and entreaty of his friends.
Possessed of remarkable intellectual
capacity and power, and conscious of
this possession, he nevertheless was
wanting in some of the elements requisite
to a good public speaker; and yet his
pulpit labors always had a charm
quite beyond the reach of what is com-
monly known as eloquence. He, how-
ever, was always ashamed of his pulpit
efforts. After the delivery of his first
sermon, he did not dare to go
down and face his auditors, but crawled
out of the pulpit window and fled to
the woods, where he remained till the
middle of the night, and then crept si-
lently homeward and to bed!

Next we find the growing young
man at Bowdoin College, where he at
once took high rank. We once asked
Prof. Cleveland about his scholarship;
and the answer was, that "whether
up in his lessons or otherwise, no man
could ever corner him." He had, as
companions and competitors, such
men as Franklin Pierce, afterwards
President of the United States, and
Henry W. Longfellow, the great Amer-
ican poet. In some studies, young
Larrabee stood higher than either of
these gentlemen; and though we can-
not say of him, that in all things he
was *primus inter pares*, he at all events
stood about equal to the best in the
several departments of the collegiate
curriculum.

It was during his stay at college that
Mr. Larrabee became acquainted with
this country neighborhood. Having
still to depend upon his personal ex-
istence, he came here to teach the dis-

trict school. He taught it two suc-
cessive winters; and here he became ac-
quainted with Miss Harriet Dunn,
daughter of Col. William Dunn, whom
he afterwards made his wife. It was
at this time, too, and in this manner,
that he formed that powerful attach-
ment to these scenes of Worthley
Brook, which haunted him everywhere
he went, and held fast to his imagina-
tion to the last days of his mortal life.
Having never known any real home
of his own, the home of his betrothed,
and the scenes connected with it—the
sweet brook, the green fields, the wav-
ing trees, the broad level plains—
together with the good cheer of one of
the happiest and best of families, could
not fail to fasten his affections to a
spot in itself so beautiful; for the
writer of these lines knows something
of the same feeling from his own simi-
lar experience.

The remainder of Dr. Larrabee's life
the world knows by heart. From col-
lege he went to the charge of the old
academy at Alfred; thence to the work
of instituting the Wesleyan University
at Middletown in Connecticut; from
Middletown to the headship of the
seminary at Cazenovia in New York;
from Cazenovia to the principalship
of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at
Ken's Hill in this eastern State; from
Ken's Hill to a professorship in the
Asbury University at Greencastle, In-
diana; from Greencastle to the edi-
torship of the *Ladies' Repository* at
Cincinnati; and from this field of la-
bor to several state offices in Indiana,
including that of superintendent of
public instruction, in which last work
he fairly revolutionized the common
school system and the cause of educa-
tion as a whole, within the bounds of
his official jurisdiction.

During his residence in Indiana, he
also wrote and published several good
and useful books—the "Scientific Evi-
dences of Christianity," and "As-
surance and its Coadjutors" being, it
may be, the best; but he is most known
as a magazine writer; and it can be
very confidently said, that his monthly
contributions to the *Ladies' Repository*,
then the most popular periodical pub-
lished by the Methodist Church, were
characterized by nearly or quite all the
recognized elements of a finished En-
glish style. If they had any fault, the
rigid critic would say, perhaps, that
the tone of his writings was a little too
sentimental. But the writer was noth-
ing in literature if not a dreamer. His
soul lived on sentiment. The hard re-
alities of the present were to him al-
ways glorified by the soft haze of a
perpetual Indian summer. With all
his clearness and strength of intellect,
he was by birthright a poet; he lived,
not now, but always, in the past and
future, and his most powerful thinking
was ever overpowered by the loving
tyranny of his affections. He could
not be natural, therefore, without be-
ing sentimental. His last book—pri-
vately published under the name of
Rosa-Bower—which was the name of
the vine-covered spot where he had
laid his sweet little daughter, Rosa-
belle, to rest—came from the soul of a
great man stricken by sorrow and
given up to dreams and reveries.

When not dreaming—when awake
and engaged in his daily work—Dr.
Larrabee's leading trait, strange as it
may seem, was that of a great organi-
zer; and his wonderful organizing
faculty was best seen in his ability to
manage to perfection a literary insti-
tution. In this work we knew him, as
we have known many others, thor-
oughly well. But his equal, as we think,
has not yet risen up in the Meth-
odist Church. His resources in this
way were apparently unlimited. No
condition of things, no circumstances,
no accident, however sudden, was
ever known to "corner" him. He al-
ways saw, not by a process of reason-
ing, but by intuition, precisely how,
and where, and when, to take hold of
any difficulty; and whatever was the
origin of the uprising trouble—whether
it was from the board of trustees,
the faculty, or the body of students, or
a mixed confusion of all these oftentimes
warring elements—he always knew
how "to ride upon the whirlwind and
to direct the storm." Once only, when
the cost of the necessary contest prom-
ised to outweigh the value of the com-
ing triumph, he did as all sensible men
always do under similar conditions—
he left the institution to settle its own
troubles; and this he did as a de-
served punishment to those who had
made and kept up the complications
prior to his employment among them.
His sudden resignation, indeed, was
itself a victory.

His genius for managing literary in-
stitutions was unconsciously, but thor-
oughly, supported by the natural kind-
ness of his disposition. The poor and
needy among the students were always
and everywhere his wards, his connec-
tions, his children by adoption. He
thus, without intending it, ever gained
and held the warmest love, esteem and
admiration of those studying under
him; and in this way he always found
himself, in any emergency, surrounded
by an army ready to march anywhere,
and fight any sort of battle, for his
advantage. The old prophet wrote:
"Look unto the rock whence ye are
hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence
ye are digged;" and if ever there was
a great public man that never lost
sight of this commandment, that man
was Dr. Larrabee; for in all his deal-
ings with his students, or with the
world, he never ceased to sympathize
with those struggling with difficulties,
or starting from a humble origin. He
kept himself in want by his boundless
charities. He never could refuse do-
ing a favor. He could not even neg-
lect an opportunity for showing kind-
ness. We once knew him to expel a

student, who, out of all reason, had
disobeyed, injured and insulted him.
Hearing, the next morning, that the
young man was poor, he borrowed
quite a sum of the writer of this sketch
to send him as a present to help him
home. The bad young man was never
heard from afterwards; and Dr. Lar-
rabee died poor in consequence of his
perpetual benefactions.

Our readers will see, from this faint
sketch of a great life, why so many
thousands of our leading people who
are yet alive, revere the name of Wil-
liam Clark Larrabee. Clergymen,
governors, congressmen, professors,
authors, by the hundreds, have listened
to his instructions and shaped their
destinies under his plastic administra-
tion. Thousands upon thousands have
hung upon the pages covered over
with the beautiful emanations of his
genius. His good, warm, manly heart
is yet answered, beat for beat, in the
breasts of even millions. But of all
the people of this world—of all the
places on this round earth—there are
none that give him a name a profounder
reverence than the citizens of this lit-
tle country neighborhood. The grave
he intended to make is not found here
among us. We have had no call to
build his monument. Next to his work
in life, however, the scenes about us—
the brook, the fields, the plains,
the waving, sighing pines—are the
perpetual memorials of his character.

So long as this rivulet continues its
tortuous pathway through these mead-
ows to the sea, so long the career of
this good and most useful representa-
tive of Worthley Brook parish will be
remembered by those living where it
flows!

FROST-BOUND.

"Ice and Snow, praise ye the Lord."
Oh Earth, poor Earth, locked fast and bound
In chains of ice and drifted snows,
How shall deliverance be found
For thee? What strong hand shall un-
close
Thy fetters, letting loose the sound
Of laughing waters; from the ground
Calling the violet and the rose?

How peacefully, how quietly
Thou waitest undisturbed and dismayed!
Is there some secret hidden from me,
Some message in the storm and shade
Which tells of recompense to me,
For such brave souls as bide like thee
The Lord's good leisure, unafraid?
Oh heart, poor heart, whose frozen springs
Melt not for joy of star or sun,
But lie in icy folded rings
Pulseless and voiceless every one,
Whose hopes died forth on rapid wings
And vanished with sweet vanished things
Ere yet the winter was begun,—
Learn this great patience, and abide
Courageously the bitter day;
True the Eternal Love, nor chide
Though still thy summer should delay.
Hope is deferred but not denied;
In the deepest snow-drifts hide
The blossoms of a coming May.
SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Sunday Afternoon*
for March.

PENDER SATTERWHITE'S EX-
PERIENCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

"You'd find Grammer Pender worth
while, I reckon."
"Who is Grammer Pender?"
"Oh, she's a mighty nice old lady
livin' up the hill—very 'ligious and
knows a heap. She'd talk wid you."

This from our colored chambermaid
at the hotel, in reply to an inquiry
about any of her people whom we
could visit with profit. I expect our
object was about equally divided be-
tween curiosity and the other con-
fessionally higher motive. Having "done"
the Lookout Mountain and the great
National Cemetery, it seemed hardly
wise to leave Chattanooga on our south-
ward route, without bestowing some
time on the people, who, in those days,
were a source of inexhaustible interest.
They are none the less so, this moment,
and I believe, will prove such to the
end.

We received careful instructions how
to find Mrs. Pender Satterwhite, who,
it turned out, was an elect widow
among the colored folk of the little
community, which like the sand-martins
had made their nest on the hill and
among the rocks, overlooking the
town. We thought we had ascended
the muddy pathway of the streets
which turned upward, far enough to
bring us to the sought abode, when,
meeting a colored woman, we in-
quired.

But other meandering ascents were
before us, and receiving another lesson
in the characteristic colored geogra-
phy, we renewed our efforts. In a so-
what chaotic frame of apprehension,
we pushed inquiries, and finally, get-
ting over several red-tunnelled ave-
nues, stopped on the side of a precipi-
tous path before a yard which enclosed
a small, cosy house, looking most like
a bird's nest on a shelf.

It was in December, and the late
rains had thrown some dismantling ef-
fects over the little landscape, which
even yet wore traces of unmistakable
beauty. On opening the gate, we came
into a neatly-pebbled path, bordered
with flower-stalks, some of which had
kept their latest blossoms. Little plots
hedged in by bits of glass and heads of
colored bottles, displayed remnants of
choice plants—not choice in kind, but
culture—like parti-colored chrysanthem-
ums and those other deep-hued and
latest things whose names we do not
remember. From a tuft of catnip be-
side the door-rock, a gay kitten sprang
up, made a pirouette at the umbrella
carried by my companion, and frisked
off around the corner for the back door.

Our knock was answered after some
delay by the cautious opening of the
door, and a dark face in a plain white
cap, looked out.

"Is Mrs. Pender Satterwhite at
home?" I asked.

"I'm her," was the reply.

Expressing a desire to go in, we
were conducted forward by our hostess

with a faint smile, but with a dignity
plainly revealing that Mrs. Pender was
no ordinary person, and did not keep
open door to every one. When it had
been explained that we were from the
North, and carried a kindly interest for
her people, the grave face softened
perceptibly, and we were cordially
welcomed to cushioned chairs before
the cheerful grate fire. The old wom-
an brushed clean the wide stone hearth,
and smoothing down her blue-checked
apron as she seated herself, said, with
a deprecating air, and a slight uplift of
her head,—

"'Twas so heavy this mornin', I did
not 'spect anybody round this way."
"You look very comfortable here,"
we said, glancing around the room
which displayed unusual marks of thrift
and respectability. An ancient table
was set off by a number of books and
newspapers, and distinct from all, was
a large, open Bible on which lay a pair
of spectacles. A bed nicely dressed
with wide, up-standing pillows under
a drapery of pink bobinet, stood in the
farthest corner; between the two small
west windows was a humble-looking
glass, the shelf of which was set off
with little affairs such as a small earthen
enamel checkerboard, plum, shell
pictures framed with glued nut-
shells, and other such things, revealing
the present or past influence of a child-
life.

It soon transpired that Gramma
Pender had a grandchild who shared
her home, but who was now in the vil-
lage school.

"You must have passed through
many events," we said, when the or-
phan's history had been touched.

The old lady drew herself up with
the movement of her head which be-
trayed a drop of proud blood in her
veins, as she answered,—
"Yes, dear, I've seen somethin' in a
life of eighty-one year."

"So old as that!"
We could hardly credit the state-
ment, as we took a new look at the
erect figure in the decent black dress
with the snow-white kerchief crossed
over her bosom. The white cap sat up
pretty stiff over the intelligent brow,
which, though dark in hue, was in no
wise deeply wrinkled, and the black
eyes were still bright with the light of
a fresh spirit.

"God has been very good to me,
chile," she said with a long breath,
as she looked down to the coals and
absently pulled one of the strings of
her cap a little: "I was such a sinner
when I was young and unthoughtful.
I've often thinkin' it's amazin' strange
how much He's done for me," she
added, with a sweet solemnity that
sounded like a refrain of sacred song.

The gentle rain fell noiselessly on
the remnants of the past year's garden-
growth, which could be seen through
the window that looked on the ascend-
ing ground of the hill, and the plain-
tive music of a bell on a wandering cow
stole in upon our ear. A delightful
sense of heavenly peace fell on us, as
we sat there before the genial fire and
listened to Pender Satterwhite's story,
which required but a question here and
there to be unwound from the stores of
her memory.

"Yes, honey, I was a slave till the
'manumission-time. It's fifty-three year
since I came to live with God, and I've
never had a hard word from minister,
leader, or anybody in the Church since,
and I don't b'lieve now I ever shall. I
was raised up in Norfolk, an' my mas-
ter had many slaves. Everybody there
was strict Baptist. All my mother's
family was Baptists, an' so I was
brought up as 'twas in a Baptist cra-
dle. My mother had us go to meetin'
three times every Sunday, an' 'twas
nothin' for her to fall down on her
knees an' pray with her children any-
whers she'd be, when she felt drawn to
it. So I grew up wid her sixteen
year, an' the year I was fourteen, I
was baptized an' joined de Church. But I
warn't a chile of God then. No! I
saw Grammer Pender, shakin' her head
wisely, 'I've baptizd 'cause de rest
was, and de Spirit hadn't come then."

"When I was sixteen, I sold with
older slaves on an execution sale.
You've heard of them? An execution
sale," she repeated, as though these
words were to be well considered.
"And then I was taken down to South
Carolina. That I grow wicked, I was
very wicked. I don't mean I mur-
dered anybody, or I stole, or such
things, but I was light, an' I danced,
an' I swore, an' I forgot my God an'
all that my mother had taught me.
Now, I said I had no desire to go to
hell in a gospel Church, and so I left it
all. One day, after I was married, I got
a letter from my mother, and it ended
off in this way: 'Nothin' mo' at present
my dear chile, an' I hope you won't
forget the way to heben!' I sent back
in a letter to her, 'I'd try
and meet her in heben.' Then it
struck me powerful, an' I said to my-
self, 'What am I doin'? What be I
goin' to?"

"One day, I member clear as if 'twas
yesterday, I was a-dancin' from the
kitchen door to de fire-place, when sun-
thin' spoke to me 'bout my soul. I say,
boney, if we get light as a feather, or
heavy like a dried-up corn-dodger, the
Spirit will stop us right when we ain't
nowhars a-watchin'." It was cloudy
that mornin', and looked likely for a
shower. I was allers then dreadful
afraid of thunder and lightning, 'cause
I knowed I warn't fit to die. I set right
down an' I went to thinkin' over my
case. I said, 'What will bring me
back to de Lord? What can such a
sinner as I, who's allers been told
what's right, do to be saved?' I asked,
'Shall I give up dis chile, or dat one,
or de littlest one?' I had three chil-
dern then. 'Or, is it my husband that
must go?'"

They lived in Wales, and the farmer
was well to do, and all the household
were economical, not thinking of meat
every day, or anything like as often.
The two daughters were named Reli-
ance and Prudence; the sons Amos
and James. Reliance was soon to be
married to David Thomas, at the next
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WE KNOW NOT WHY.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

God loveth whom He chasteneth. O weary
heart, be still!
Let every murmuring thought be hushed,
and sink into His will.
May this blessed truth a beacon be through
life's eventful way.
When joys awake with rosy beam, or sor-
row's hour has away.

Some song-bird that made glad our home
sings its last song, and dies;
Some beautiful flower we cherished well,
with blighted chalice lies;
Some hope, too bright to blossom here, fades
like the summer's glow;
And home's blest circle yields the loved to
death's relentless woe.

We know not why earth's fairest flowers the
soonest cease to spring;
Nor why the bird of rarest song should soon-
est cease to sing;
Why brightest vision hope displays, grows
dim with flying years,
And love's sweet smile goes out in death
amid our falling tears.

We know not why, but dimly see; still God's
great love, we know,
Enfold us in its wide embrace, hither yet
life's currents flow.
Though borne on stormy surge we drift, yet
God's eternal might
Still bears us toward His hills that lift their
towers in endless light.

We know not why; thought folds her wing,
powerless to pierce the veil,
Like some tired wanderer of the sky when
storm-dark clouds assail.
We know not why our idols fall, and earth-
born hopes grow dim;
But this we know, God ruleth well from
flower to seraphim.

God loveth whom He chasteneth. O trust
Infinite skill
To guide thy way 'mid storm and calm,
through opening vistas still!
O Pilot of celestial mood, speak when the
waves are high,—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid!" and tempest
winds shall die.

FUN AND FACT.

.... An Aberdonian recently bought a
horse by photograph, thus literally getting
the colt before the horse.
Life's self, the immortal immutable smile
Of God on the soul, in the deep heart of
heaven,
Lives changeless, unchanged; and our
Are earth's alternations, not heaven's.
Queen Meredith.

.... A man saw a railroad train for the
first time in his life the other day. In speak-
ing of the wonder to a friend he said: "The
forward thing is a couple of coaches, and
then the whole string of 'em started right
off."

.... There is no funeral so sad to follow as
the funeral of our own virtues, which we
have been pampering with fond desires and
ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries
that hang in poisonous clusters over the path
of life.—*London.*

Every morning, Lord, my cry
Shall to Thee ascend on high;
Every night my praises show
What to Thy rest I owe.
Blessings fresh each morn appear;
Thanks each morning light shall bear.
Mercies new each day supplies;
Praises new each night shall rise.
Thus shall life one psalm be,
Pouring thankfulness to Thee!

.... A class of school girls, highly educated
in the newest principles, were pouring forth
to the Bishop of Manchester a list of Latin
words, with the English equivalents, and
they came to the word which we should
call "recession." "We know it," said the girl;
—"recession—by turns." "Oh, do you?"
answered the bishop; "then I don't wonder
at your adopting the new pronunciation."

.... If you want to be miserable, look
within; if you want to be distracted, look
around; if you want to be happy look up to
Christ.—*Boyd.*

.... An eloquent preacher was discoursing
in a tent. His discourse was so extremely
pathetic that the audience, with the excep-
tion of a single person, was moved to tears.
The stolid individual, on being asked how
he could listen to the discourse unmoved,
made answer, "Oh, I donna belong to this
parish."

Who shall meet Thee in Thy might;
Who shall star Thee if Thou smite
With Thy sword?
In a solitary place
Where the silence of Thy face
Dwells like sun and day,
Thou abidest, night and day,
And the troubled waters play
Down below.
There is silence in Thy skies;
And the wonder of Thine eyes
None may sound;
On Thy face there is no change,
While the shadow faileth strange
All around.

.... As iron, put into the fire, loatheth its
rust, and becometh clearly red hot, so he
that wholly turneth himself unto God puts
off all slothfulness, and is transformed into a
new man.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

.... A culty conscience is more terrified
by imaginary dangers than a pure conscience
by real ones. Such a conscience is the
devil's anvil, on which he fabricates all those
swords and spears with which the guilty
sinner pierces himself. Guilt is to danger
what fire is to gunpowder; a man need not
fear to walk among barrels of powder if he
have no fire about him.

But looking backward through our tears,
With vision of nature's sorrows, sitting near
The platform of some better hope!
And, let us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure.

.... While a country parson was preach-
ing, the chief of a parish choir, sitting near
the pulpit, was fast asleep; whereupon he
said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great
strait; for if I speak too softly those at the
farther end of the church cannot hear me,
and if I talk too loud I shall wake the chief
man in the parish."

DYING.
I swing in the golden hammock of prayer,
Fastened above the eternal stars;
Each shining mesh, so firm and fair,
Hung on the promises' glittering bars.
The sweetness of heaven and earth combine
In glorifying this bed of mine.
Hearts loving and saintly have twisted each
cord

